

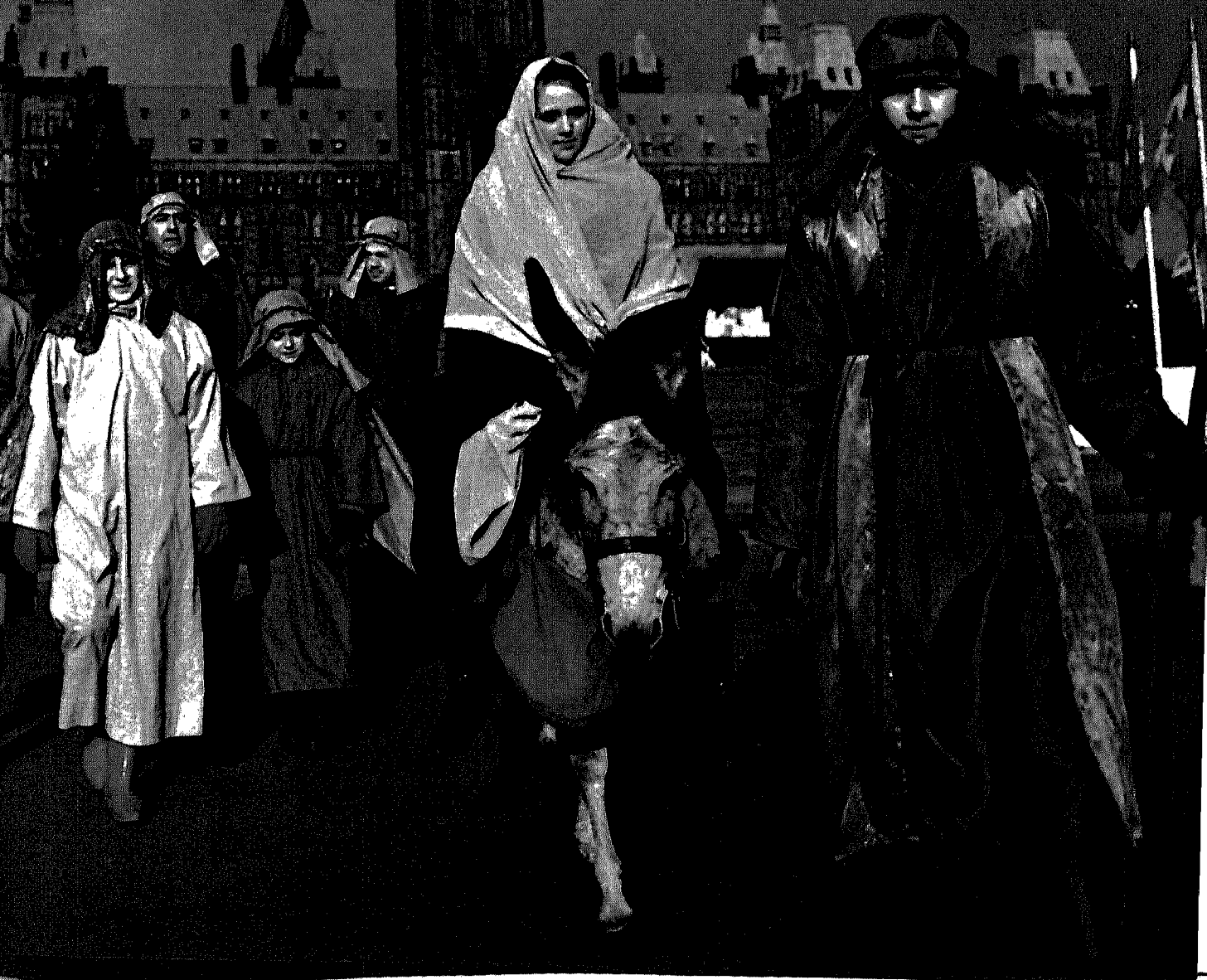


No. 4387
TORONTO,
DECEMBER 21, 1968
Price Twenty Cents

The War Cry

Christmas - 1968

OFFICIAL GAZETTE OF THE CANADIAN ARMY IN CANADA AND ABROAD





CANADIAN CHRISTMAS

WHEN the whispering winds of winter deep-drift the first gentle snows across the vastness of the land, then it is time for a myriad twinkling, coloured lights to sparkle frostily over another Christmas scene.

For Canadians in general, Christmases are always white. The fresh falls of winter's magic mantle have already muted big-city traffic, gilded brightly lit shopping centres, hushed silent the open countryside with a soft, firm embrace. Suburban residential districts, transformed into white, translucent wonderlands of sugar-candy houses, come aglow each early evening with milky ways of shimmering, multi-coloured, artificial stars, and illuminated messages from folks within bid good cheer to passers-by without.

Far from the winking reflections of Christmas lights strung through ornamental garden trees and under roof-top eaves, the snows are deeper yet. Where the lone wolf treads with careful delicacy the thin supporting crust atop the powder snow, where the big pine trees and firs loom dark against a moonlit sky, where undulating barrens roll endlessly towards the polar star, where high mountain peaks sit in timeless solitude—there too, the Christmas snows of Canada command the silence.

For, here and there among the majestic expanses of wild land, small groups of Canadians link thoughts of goodwill across the sparkling snows, to join with a nation once more aglow with a Christmas in white.

National Film Board Photostory



LETTERS TO SANTA

Dear Santa

Would you pleas send me a
new home this one makes
me cry
my mummy and daddy
drink wiskey and fite and
hit me
my little brother died last
yer I am alone when mummy
and daddy go drinkin wiskey
pleas take me with you to
your home Santa
love

Sandra

Dear Santa

I don't need nothin much
for Christmas for I prayed
for skates and it was so
near Christmas and God was
away and didn't hear me so
I took a pair at the Army
store and mummy was mad
and made me take them back
and the man there looked
like he was going to cry
he told me it was very very
naughty he gave the skates
to mummy (I seen him) they
were under the tree on
Christmas morning so God
did hear me mummy says God
won't hear me if I steal
I won't steal no more love

June



Dear Santa

dont come to our house for
las yer you brung a big
brown bottle and mummy and
daddy dranked it all day
we couldn't have none and
mummy burnt the turkey
and daddy was sick and we
never opened our toys so
please dont ever come to
our house no more i am
5 yers old and i hope you
never come no more to our
house for I dont like you.

Billy

Dear Santa

Please ask God to make me
white for the kids at the
school call me nigger and
make me cry
Auntie read me a story of a
black lamb who went with the
shepherds to see the baby
Jesus and He reached out
and touched him and he
was white
Please do this for me do it
soon so the kids will play
with me.
Thank you!

Anne

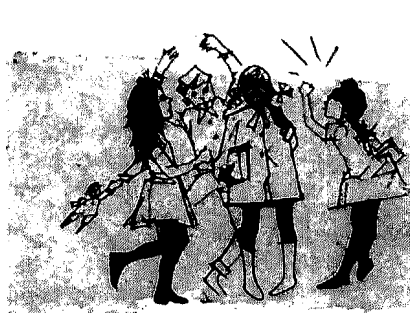


Dear Santa

My daddy is in Vietnam in
a hospital
don't bother with toys
give them to the kids
over there
mummy says they have
none
love

Mary

P.S. If you could bring my
daddy home in your pack
I'd be glad.



THE WAR CRY, Canada and Bermuda—Published weekly by The Salvation Army Printing House, 471 Jarvis Street, Toronto 5, Ontario, Canada. International Headquarters: Queen Victoria Street, London, E.C. 4. William Booth, Founder. Frederick Coutts, General. Territorial Headquarters: 20 Albert Street, Toronto 1, Ontario. Clarence D. Wiseman, Territorial Commander. All correspondence on the contents of THE WAR CRY should be addressed to the Editor, 471 Jarvis Street, Toronto 5, Ontario. Subscription Rates to any address: 1 year \$5.00. Send subscription to the Publishing Secretary, 471 Jarvis Street, Toronto 5, Ontario, Canada. Authorized as second class mail by the Post Office Department, Ottawa, and for payment of postage in cash.

Why in Ottawa?

"DO you believe in Satan?" confided a youngster to his chum. "Shucks, no!" said the other. "It's like Santa Claus, it's your father."

Thus, even early in life, does the cynicism of the worldly-wise descend upon people, surrounding them with a thickening fog of unbelief, shutting them into a little world of what they can grasp, till they are but dimly aware of the clash of good and evil around them and totally unaware of the victorious part they are called to play in the battle.

Thomas Hood regretted that he was farther away from heaven than when he was a boy. It is a sad fact of human nature that the child-like faith of children, as expressed by Steven, Kenny and the others on our back cover, and which is so necessary to their future happiness, is soon lost.

It is not surprising that children get Jesus inextricably mixed up with Santa Claus. Both radiate unalloyed happiness with their gifts; both are seemingly ubiquitous, reaching even as far as India, in spite of Steven's doubts; both belong to a starry world of mystery.

The mystery of Santa Claus is soon solved, as young Kenny Wood has already found, but he does not dismiss the mystery of Jesus—not yet. If someone will show him why Jesus is "more important than Santa" then his whole life will be filled with awesome and exciting revelations about God, with always more to fathom. The mystery surrounding our Lord and His ways will never be fully comprehended in this life.

If Steven can be taught that it is Santa who helps Jesus, rather than the other way round, he will find how the love of Christ works through men and women until, if they will allow Him, their lives become so like His that they will be all fixed up and ready for heaven when they die.

Childish ideas about Jesus Christ need to be corrected. The small boy who called downstairs, "I'm just about to say my prayers, does anybody want anything?" is in for disillusionment. When he finds that Jesus doesn't always attend to his requisitions he will cease to believe in prayer. The same immature idea is expressed in the verse of a seasonal song which runs:

And if I say my prayers each day,
When Christmas rolls around,
Will Santa come to Shanty Town?

The childish misconception that Jesus merely does something for us must be developed into the faith that Jesus waits to do something through us. He does not want to encourage our covetousness but

to share with us in the giving. So little Elizabeth Smith will learn that her sanguine hopes for universal goodwill cannot be realized while she is reluctant to part with her second doll, for prayer is the surrender of the heart and mind and will to God.

Why then ask Him for anything? Because, as Kenny says, He is our Father. While we cannot be mature Christians when we retain childish ideas about God, we cannot grow in the faith unless we maintain a childlike trust in Him, as we would a loving earthly father. We share with Him our hopes and fears, our joys and sorrows, and find that He enters into them. In this way He becomes more and more real to us.

IN an English country town the parson had prepared his Christmas sermon on the text GLORY TO GOD IN THE HIGHEST. All the year round the words had faced him over a Nativity scene in the stained glass of the great west window of his church. A few days before Christmas Day he went into the church and found broken glass. Someone had thrown a rock through the west window. But only one letter of the text had been damaged, and now it read: GLORY TO GOD IN THE HIGH ST.

Pondering on this thought it suddenly came to him that much of the message he had prepared was what the people wanted rather than what they needed. For many of them Jesus belonged to an unreal world of tinsel and fairy lights. He was a baby to whom they sang sentimental lullabies for a few days before Christmas. He was all mixed up with Santa Claus.

So the parson changed his text to "This child is set for the falling and rising again of many in Israel"; but he substituted the name of the town for "Israel" and went on to describe the revolution that takes place when Christ enters the hearts and lives of mankind.

Like the parson we have felt a little reproved that we have made fact look like fiction; that on our Christmas covers we usually give our readers a beautiful picture of the Holy Family in rich clothing in a bright clean stable that never was. So that is why this year we have put them in Ottawa in the heart of our country, for that's where Jesus belongs.

He belongs, too, in the poorest homes of our crowded cities, in the lonely farms on the prairies, or in the reservations, or among the outposts of our northlands. And Jesus isn't only there at Christmas-tide. He is with us all the time and we may know His presence intimately near. May it become so for all our readers at this joyful season!

—THE EDITOR

Welcome at Bethlehem



Despite the stable's crudity, a warm welcome is symbolized at Bethlehem—not man's welcome to God, but God's welcome to man. It is the place "where God was homeless, and all men are at home".

"WHEN will you be available?" the secretary asks her boss. "Will you be available next Tuesday?" inquires the voice at the other end of the telephone line while we hurriedly open our diary. Sometimes the whole art of living seems to consist in knowing *when* to be available and how to be *more* available than we are.

The words "availability" and "unavailability" can distinguish two kinds of people: some who are ready for any call that is made upon them, others for whom the reverse is true.

Seen from one viewpoint, the Christmas story is the most perfect example of availability. At Bethlehem the infinite and incomprehensible God made Himself available to men. Before considering the mystery of the Incarnation, however, we should pause to recall that even this would have been impossible without the human availability of Mary, summed up in her reply to the angel's announcement of her tremendous vocation, "I belong to the Lord, body and soul. Let it happen as you say."

It is a salutary exercise to ponder just how much of the loving purpose of God is denied expression simply because, unlike Mary, we are "not available". This is not always our fault, for none of us possesses unlimited resources. Some people's strength is depleted by internal struggles which originate in their earliest years and are not of their creating. Many of us could be more available than we are, however, if it were not for our restricted sympathies and undisciplined living.

Being available to others is inevitably linked with our use of time. In *The Christian Response*, Michel Quoist writes, "If you've been told several times recently: 'Oh, I didn't dare to disturb you the other day . . . you looked so busy', watch out: that's a serious warning signal because many more have likely come and gone away without bothering to mention the fact. Chances are that they may have needed your help that day. We don't usually confide in someone who's overly busy because it's obvious that he hasn't room for us in his life: he's too busy! If you want to be a brother to one and all, leave the door open for them to enter into your life."

MARY'S availability was in response to a clear and unmistakable call from God. Perhaps we feel that we too could be inspired to heroic surrender by an angelic visitor. For us, however, being available to God means being at the "beck and call" of other people, often in unromantic ways. We must not fall into the trap of supposing, like the priest and Levite in Christ's parable, that the service of God ever requires us to pass by on the other side of the road, to be unavailable to man. For the Christian, service to God *and* man cannot be separated.

If the Christmas story provides us with one of the greatest examples of human availability it is an even more startling portrayal of the availability of God. I have often wondered why artists persistently portray the Bethlehem stable suffused by a soft, warm light. In reality, this rough stable shared with the indifferent cattle was a shabby welcome for the Lord of life.

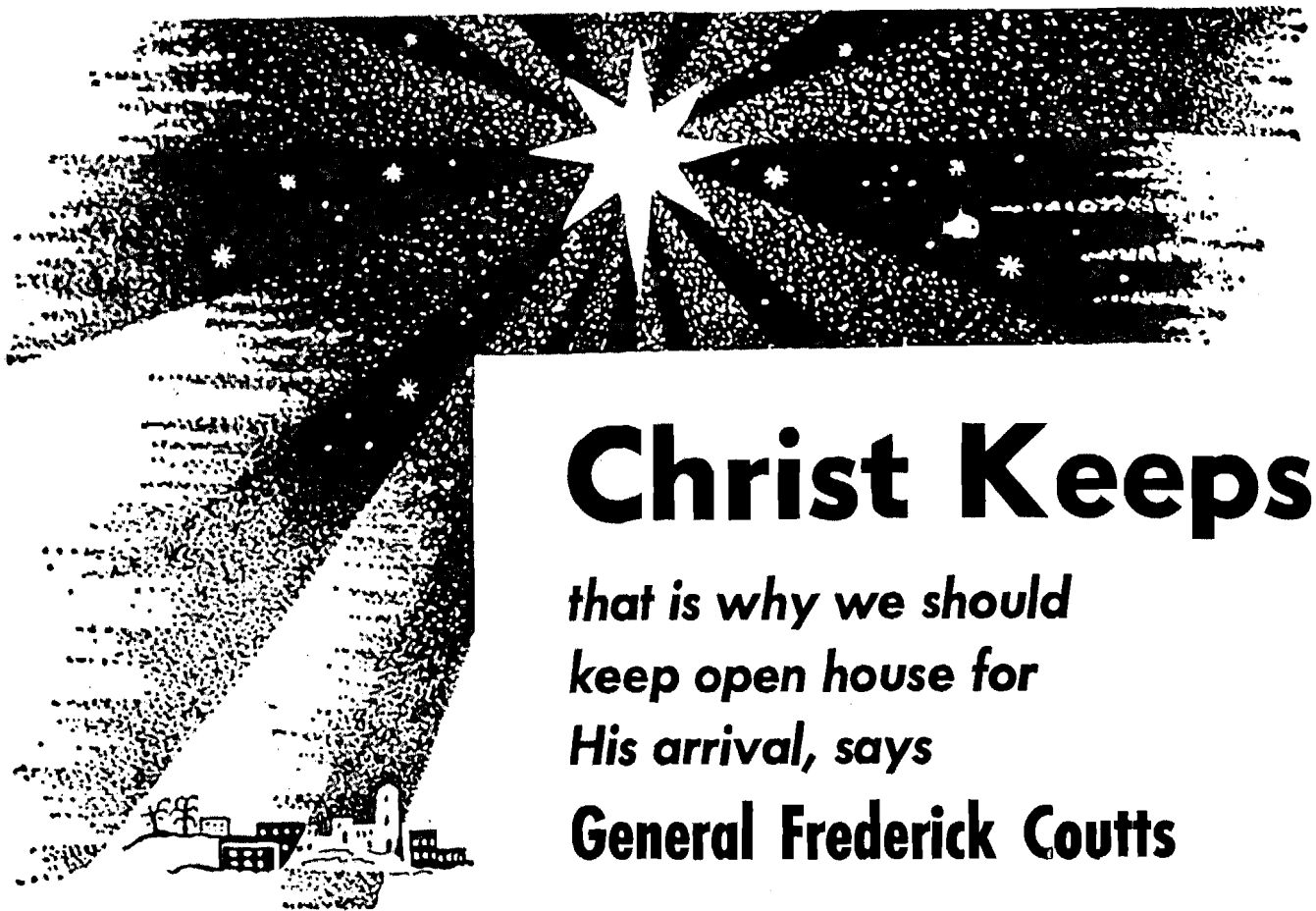
*Cold was the moon, but the heart of man was colder:
Heavy was the hand of the Roman on the earth:
Resting on welcome straw
Warm with the love she bore
Mary prepared for the miracle of birth.*

*There was no doctor to ease her through her labour,
There were no nurses to share her thankful sighs.
Born in the form of man
Our Way of Life began
Naked, as when he would die before her eyes.*

(Patrick Appleford)

Yet, despite the crudity of the stable, a warm loving welcome is symbolized at Bethlehem; not man's welcome to God, *but God's welcome to man*. This is indeed the place "where God was homeless, and all men are at home" (G. K. Chesterton).

Through Mary's complete surrender to the divine will God became totally available to all men everywhere. Is it too much to believe that His love will continue to be "made flesh" as we become increasingly available to others?



Christ Keeps

*that is why we should
keep open house for
His arrival, says*

General Frederick Coutts

CHRIST was born of Mary. The Word was made flesh and dwelt among us. God was in Christ reconciling the world to Himself. In each instance the tense of the verb is past and refers to an unrepeatable event, the mightiest of all the mighty acts of God. He who had spoken unto the fathers by the prophets finally spoke by His Son. This was a once-for-all occurrence. Christ came.

But Christ keeps on coming. For the birth of this Son to a peasant woman in the hill-country village of Bethlehem cannot be confined to a single date on the calendar of the years. The fact of Christ's first coming becomes fully meaningful to the sons of men only as their eyes are open to His continual coming. For

*Where meek souls will receive Him, still
The dear Christ enters in.*

It is this repeated coming of the Lord Christ through the centuries which makes His first coming significant to us personally.

For example, He often comes in our joys. Indeed, every joy will surely fade unless He is present in it, for He is the sole author of life's lasting happiness. This was what Saul Kane* discovered when Christ broke open the

bolted door of his heart. "I stood in bliss at this for hours."

But He comes as well in what we call our adversities, though because of sorrow our eyes are sometimes holden so that we cannot see Him.

"O that I knew where I might find Him," cried Job. The patriarch had to learn that God was present in the very calamities which bruised his spirit so sorely. But this he discovered before the story was over. "Now mine eye seeth Thee," he said.

Through defeat

One of the little heeded facts of history is that God not infrequently comes to a people through the anguish of oppression and defeat. Even men in Old Testament days perceived that this could be so. In the picture language of his time one of the Israelite prophets declared that the Lord would "shave with a razor that is hired . . . even with the king of Assyria". That is to say, He had something to say to His people through the military defeats which they found so hard to accept. But His hand would be in them. His purposes were being fulfilled through them. And it might be salutary for

*In John Masefield's *The Everlasting Mercy*.

us today to inquire whether God is not trying to say something to us through the dominance of those nations whose attitudes are so difficult to understand.

OF course, we never know when He will come and that is why we should keep open house for His arrival and an open ear for His call.

He came to an English public schoolboy serving in India in the days of the British Raj through a copy of a Christmas number of *The War Cry*. The year was 1880. This particular

on Coming

issue carried an article by William Booth. But to Frederick St. George de Latour Tucker it was a trumpet call which caused him to apply for leave of absence and brought him hotfoot to London and, at the close of the first Salvation Army meeting he ever attended, to offer himself for service to the Founder.

So Christ still comes. Though there is a danger in this phrase if it leads anyone to suppose that the divine presence is, in effect, some kind of absence which is broken only sporadically and in some emergency. Here we face the limitations of human language. The truth is that God is present in every situation. "Turn but a stone, and start a wing." It is we who fail to sense His nearness; often because we do not want Him nigh. We could be embarrassed to acknowledge His presence lest He be at hand to sit in deserved judgment upon our shady ways. So better to pretend He is nowhere near.

But there is a future tense to all this. He will come. Which is one way of saying that there is a divine purpose in life. Our world is not just going no place fast. It is not a wayward train which, with steam up, lacks both driver and destination. God is working His purpose out and will sum up all things in Christ.

The past tense belongs to the past. The future we can leave with God. The present matters most urgently to you and me. Has Christ come to you and been accepted by you as Lord and Saviour? It is His present coming, and your present acceptance of Him, which alone will make Christmas meaningful in your life.

Pray with me:

*O come to my heart, Lord Jesus,
There is room in my heart for Thee.*

The Origin of the "Kettle"

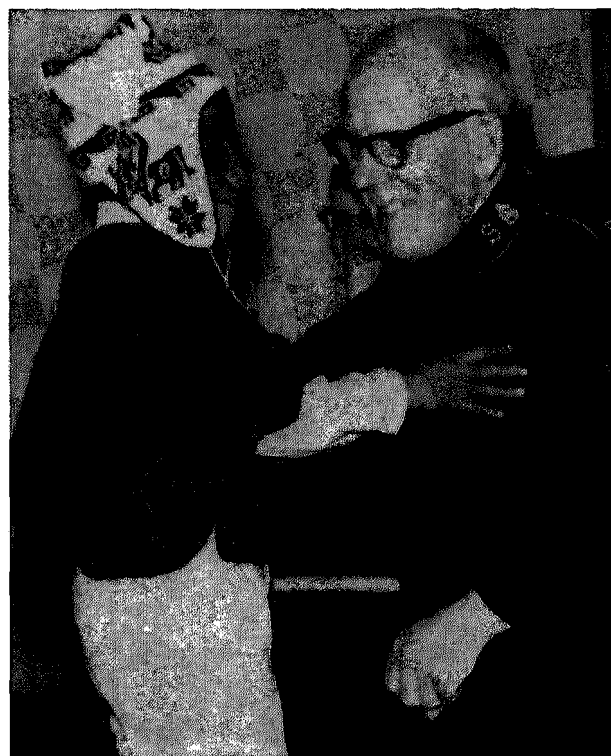
Symbol of The Salvation Army's Christmas Sidewalk Appeal

ON Christmas Eve, 1894, survivors of a shipwreck off the rocky coast of San Francisco were brought to The Salvation Army for shelter. California, along with the rest of the nation, was gripped by a depression. The Army was already caring for thousands of impoverished seamen and longshoremen.

When the food ran out, an ingenious lassie picked up a soup kettle and stepped out into the bitter cold. At a busy street corner she set up a sign, "KEEP THE POT BOILING". Through the generosity of passers-by, everyone had soup.

Word of the unique appeal spread to other Salvation Army posts, and it soon was adopted by them all—and it has ever been thus. In some of our cities the "Kettle" is now a plastic bubble but the spirit of Christmas giving is the same.

E. A. MACDONALD



Christmas is a time for making friends. General Coutts, the Army's International Leader, is doing just that with a small boy in La Paz, Bolivia, following the local custom of extending his arm and patting his back. Both are obviously enjoying the gesture.

A Christmas Message

from the
Territorial Commander



In Rama was there a voice heard, lamentation, and weeping, and great mourning, Rachel weeping for her children, and would not be comforted, because they are not (Matthew 2:18).

FOR multitudes Christmas is fogged by myths, so that its real meaning is obscured. Myths of tinsel and trees, banquets and a "good time had by all". No wonder the man who read the announcement of yule-tide services on the church notice-board muttered, "These Christians have taken our Easter, now they're after our Christmas".

Men have always mixed their comfortable myths with their religion, thus reducing it to little more than fantasy. Not so the Bible. The Bible is the world's most pointed document. Its incorruptible realism established a strange conjunction of events when it brought together in one tremendous drama the Incarnation and the Slaughter of the Innocents.

Naturally one would like to linger over the gaieties of Christmas, and for a moment forget the grim realities of existence. But the slaughter breaks irresistibly into the story. The Bible forbids the evasion of the fact of evil in the world, showing always in its pages a relentless facility for bringing people down to earth. After

all, that is what the Incarnation was about, bringing God down to earth. Had He stayed in heaven, we would not have been interested, but no one can fail to be interested in a God who comes to the world by way of human birth in a Bethlehem stable, and who goes on loving us in spite of our perfidy and sin.

This year the birth of Jesus will be celebrated by weary people in war-ravaged Viet Nam. Starving youngsters in remote Indian villages will sing carols in the Christ Child's honour. White children of the affluent West will display their expensive toys, while black children in Africa with little or nothing to call their own will present imaginative Nativity plays with black Madonnas and black babies in primitive home-made cribs. As in days long ago when the birth of the Lord and the Slaughter of the Innocents were part of the same story, so today the Christ appears in the midst of human sordidness, sin and slaughter.

It is hard to understand that He who came to bring salvation should have been the indirect cause of in-

A wintry scene at Niagara Falls greeted Commissioner and Mrs. Wiseman when they conducted youth councils there for young people of the Metro-Toronto and Southern Ontario Divisions.

Before becoming Territorial Commander for Canada and Bermuda last year, Commissioner Wiseman was Principal of the International Training College, in London, England. Previously he directed the Army's work in East Africa.

nocent slaughter. Life is so utterly dominated by prideful self-interest and sin that even the good that God would do for men is twisted by them to their own damnation.

The Church of the Lord Jesus Christ has been called an extension of the Incarnation. That means that in the world today it must continue the mission of the Christ who came to redeem us.

Because a Salvation Army corps is part of the Church, its mission becomes clear in the glowing light of the Christmas story. Just as the Bethlehem stable and the Slaughter of the Innocents are inseparable, so the Salvationist's faith and worship, and his mission in that world which has been defined as "life organized

without God", are inseparable. It is a mistake to say, as many are saying today, that the place of the church is in the world and leave it at that, just as it is a mistake to say that the location of a church is in a building or an institution where men learn to believe, pray and worship. Each statement is a half-truth. Taken together they approximate the full truth. *I have given them Thy word, prayed Jesus for the first Christians, and the world hath hated them, because they are not of the world, even as I am not of the world. I pray not that thou shouldst take them out of the world, but that thou shouldst keep them from the evil.*

The Army corps is distinct from the world, but stands squarely in the world, there to continue Christ's work and be kept from its evil by His Spirit.

Christmas and the Cross stand together. The Slaughter of the Innocents pointed to the need for the Cross, and the evil of every age points to the same need. From the moment He was born, Christ had the Cross in the very structure of His personality. It was, as it were, His vocation, and therefore at the root of all His words and actions. Surely it is not sacrilege to suggest that the Salvationist should possess the same vocation, interpreting Christmas and

the Cross in such a compelling manner that all shall see Christ as Lord and Saviour?

Such an interpretation is made by the word of witness, and the work of service. The relation of a Salvationist to the world is that of servanthood. His theme is the Incarnate Son of God, who died for us and our salvation. His symbol is the towel of service. His life is the life of holiness, made possible by the sanctifying presence of the divine Spirit. Thus we see that the Salvationist belongs to two worlds: the Kingdom of God, and the Kingdom of Man, where Rachel weeps for her children.

Will the children call at Christmas? The niggling doubts of a lonely mother are portrayed in

The Last Dream

By SHEENA PATERSON

OLD people like to dream. Old Annie's secret happy thoughts often swept her out of her shabby, chintzy living-room where she had lived alone since dear old Johnnie had been taken from her. The drabness of her existence in the little frame country house with the peeling paint and overgrown yard, the empty loneliness of the life that was purposeless because no one needed it, the rejection she felt, the self-pity, forced her to escape to her world of dreams. There she could remember and smile to herself and be happy, at least for a little time, until the old aching feelings came drifting back into her consciousness.

Why? Why? she asked her bewildered mind. Why does no one need me? It was when Annie thought of her son and daughters in the city and their laughing growing children, busy always busy, too busy to call, too busy to write, too busy for her, their own mother who loved them and wanted intensely to have a little time near them, to feast her tired old blue eyes on them as they spoke and looked and laughed; it was then she had to escape, to get away from the hurt of it all, the rejection.

She rose slowly from the overstuffed sofa, smoothed down her wispy white hair and wearily climbed the creaking staircase to her little work-room in the attic. She pushed open the heavy door and gazed at the ut-

ter confusion of colours shouting at her from the work bench alongside her treadle machine. This year was

going to be different, Annie just knew it. Her family would come to her on Christmas Day. They just couldn't crowd her out of their thoughts again this year. They couldn't. Annie smiled. Her lined face crinkled into happiness. *This year was going to be different.*

(Continued on page 12)



Clear childish voices wafted upwards

I spy with my little something t

*A story for the children and
the childhood wonder of C
brings, as told and c*

HE opened his eyes wide in the quiet darkness of the bedroom and stared up at the lump which his brother made in the top bunk above him. With careful stealth he eased back the covers and got up on his knees ready to give the lump a punch. Fist back, eyes sparkling in fun and with a wide grin on his eight-year-old face, the boy paused, then—pound and the lump jumped! It shifted, and an angry ten-year-old face with fierce eyes peered over the edge of the bunk.

"You'd better watch out, Pete, or else you're gonna get it", hissed the older brother through clenched teeth. But the sight of his brother's laughing face dispelled the moment of hot anger and quick as a flash he swung his pillow down and caught the younger one full on the ear.

They were excited

It was the night before Christmas and they were too excited to go to sleep. Great and glorious dreams danced in their heads, chasing sleep far away into its unknown land.

"Hey, let's play 'I spy'."

"Okay—I'm first."

"I spy . . . with my little eye something that begins with . . . M." Silence followed by guesses and, "Naw, you're wrong, you're way off, are you ever dumb!" After five guesses the older brother triumphantly announced "Moon, can't you see it up there?"

Now the little my little eye some with—pause—"S".

Silence and w happy noes and t sponse, "I've got i

"That's it—star.

"Hey, let's cree look at the stars."

"See it up there that one before.

bright—almost as

Two noses pe cold window pane frost where hot bi the intricate patte four saucer-round through the velv of the winter nigh Christmas Eve sta

A boy's voice, q wonder spoke to h do you see there?

"Look! Our sti houses across the any more. There there are some s you listen, you ca sheep making noi

A stran

"Yes, and loo other one, "dow underneath the st —it looks like th our Sunday sche there is an old bi ing with camels."



eye

hat begins with...

*for those who have not yet lost
Christmas and the dreams that it
drawn by Patricia Ryan.*

one, "I spy with
thing that begins

ild guesses and
then an eager re-
:-star".

o out of bed and

? I've never seen
It looks big and
if it's new."

essed against the
two holes in the
death breathed on
ns of winter and
eyes gazing
et, crisp darkness
t, looking at the
ar.

quiet with awe and
his brother, "What

et is gone! The
road aren't there
are just hills and
shepherds and, if
can hear some silly
es."

ge town

k," broke in the
wn there, almost
ar, there's a town
ones we see in
ool pictures. And
roken-down build-

"Look inside the building. Do you
see what I see? There's a very small
baby and it looks like he is crying
his head off. And that silly old cow
is going to lick him and the mother
and father aren't stopping it. See,
the shepherds are going into the
building."

"Do you hear what I hear? It
sounds like music, the most beauti-
ful music I have ever heard! Up
there in the sky—they must be
angels. . . ."

The magic moment

The moment was magic and the
two boys trembled with excitement
as their feet grew colder and their
noses pressed against the wintry
window pane. And above all the
star glowed with a warm brilliance
in the winter's darkness.

Suddenly, they shivered and look-
ed around at each other. The spell
was broken and the moment was
gone.

When they looked out of the
window again, there was the star—
ordinary and plain—with the street
just as it always had been.

Wordless, they crept back into
their bunk beds and with a whis-
pered "good night", pulled up the
covers and let the sandman come
with his sleep.

The magic of the moment lived
on in their hearts and Christmas
would never be the same again!



THE LAST DREAM (Continued from page nine)

The heige felt she dug out of her treasured scrap bag turned into a bunny for chubby Timmy, her youngest grandson, whom she'd grown acquainted with from the little photograph sitting on the antique table she bought for a few dollars at a rummage sale. The pink satin remnant would make a lovely night-dress case for sweet Julie, with the blue eyes and long golden hair. She planned. She remembered them all. She saw their faces in her mind's eye and she hummed to herself as she pushed the treadle back and forth.

As she lay in bed that night she began to realize why the letter with the city postmark hadn't been pushed into her mailbox. They wanted to surprise her! That was it! They'd all come tumbling out of the big car, laughing, carrying parcels, shouting "Happy Christmas, Nana". Annie sighed. When they were little and at school they loved to trick her then. They needed her then. She fell asleep.

NEXT morning Annie rose when it was still dark. Her plump body hustled around the kitchen coaxing exciting shapes and mouth-watering smells from the packets and jars that lined her rough little cupboards — not a bit like the ones in those fancy modern magazines. I wonder if Nancy's kitchen is all shiny and arborite and appliances, Annie quizzed herself. Such a good girl, Nancy. So busy in her city church with bazaars and teas and teaching Sunday school. I'm too hard on them. It's me really. I'm old-fashioned and, maybe, I interfere. They're young, they've got their own lives, they're happy, so what more could I ask for. I won't say a word about anything when they come tomorrow.

Annie cooked and cleaned all day. When the mobile store drew up at the door she rushed out into the lane, her mind containing a list so long that it almost burst. "My family is coming tomorrow, I feel it in my bones," she told the young widow with four children who cleaned in the big house over the hill to help keep her kids in shoes and warm clothes. "I'm so happy, just you watch, you'll see them arrive in a big grey car, and the little ones will fall out on the snow and roll around. I can just see it all now." The young widow nodded and

smiled. "I'll watch for them, I promise."

That night, the six-foot tree she had ordered was propped against her old oak door. "Can I help you in with it, missus?" asked the little delivery boy. She watched him erect it on the left side of the fireplace. When he was gone, Annie pulled out the ancient apple box from under her bed and, at last happy without her dreams, she decorated the sturdy pine. The fire was almost dead by the time she finished, but in its last glow she sat and looked at the twinkling tree, and her hopes — and her fears — flickered with the lights.

ANNIE wakened with a jolt. "I've overslept" she panicked, "must get the turkey in." As she rushed to pull on her blue woollen housecoat she stopped as clear, childish voices wafted up to her icy-covered windows:

*"Christ is born today,
Christ is born today."*

"Happy Christmas, Annie," they chorused. She threw up the window. "Bless you, children, bless you." She listened to their sweetness and looked on their innocent, upturned faces. The truth and meaning of the day came to her and peace wrapped itself around her like a cloak.

She put on the red velvet she'd last worn on the Christmas before Johnnie died, and on it pinned her favourite cameo. She hung the holly wreath on the door. Everything was ready now and she sat back to wait for the sound of the big car and her family. At one o'clock she shut off the oven. She knew now. I've been a foolish old woman, she told herself to check the tears that welled under her eyelids.

B	A	N	G	L	E	S	B	I	C	Y	C	L	E
E	O	A	N	E	E	O	I	A					
D	R	A	T	I	O	A	G	A	I	N	G		
T	E	A	E	W	R	L	D	O	E				
I		R	B	A	D	M	E	R					
M	A	S	C	A	R	A	B	A	R	R	E	L	
E	A	L	L	G	N	E	Y						
T	I	N	K	F	L	O	R	A	F	L	Y		
T	T	S	S	E	S	L	B						
H	E	A	R	T	H	E	M	U	L	A	T	E	
A	C	I	S	I	T	L	S						
N	I	L	P	M	I	T	R	O	T				
K	A	M	P	L	E	N	E	A	T	H	R		
E	U	L	L	O	G	N	Y	E					
D	E	S	S	E	R	T	S	W	A	L	L	O	

Answers to puzzle on page 18

Ten Commandments for Christmas

MAKE up your mind about what makes sense out of life and what makes nonsense, about what enobles and about what degrades, about what meaning is given and about what meaning is made. Do not mock at what makes sense and gives meaning and enobles. Do not sneer at virtue or divide and cheapen beauty, truth and goodness.

DO not be sentimental, even over the children.

THINK about others, especially those who are forgotten, and do something about their loneliness and misery—a letter can do much.

DON'T be greedy. Greed does others a disservice as well as ourselves. It might result in more than a disservice on the roads.

DON'T let the trappings of Christmas get you down.

MAKE up the quarrel, however childish, which has been kept going for too long.

DON'T excuse yourself on account of others' hypocrisy and unattractiveness, but accept the discipline and freedom of joy.

USE your imagination. Must Christ be born in every generation to reach those who have no imagination?

GO to church. Others admire and try to follow Christ and his guarantee, "Where two or three are gathered together in my name, there am I in the midst of them," still stands.

LET God be God in Christ—in the Manger. Christmas celebrates Him.

A timid rat-a-tat took Annie to the door. Four little ones clustered round their young mother. The young widow looked at her old neighbour. She said nothing, but she understood. "Merry Christmas," the children chorused, "this is for you". Annie took the little roughly wrapped parcel into her work-worn hands and held it close to her. She had forgotten all about the fatherless little ones down the lane. Had they a Christmas dinner? Did they have a tree with sparkling lights, its boughs hiding gay packages? Had they ever pulled a cracker? Or cracked walnuts? Or roasted marshmallows over an open fire? Annie took them into her living-room. The children saw no shabbiness. The unbelieving roundness of their eyes answered all her questions.

She was needed. The need was on her own doorstep and her eyes had been blinded to it because they always looked towards the city.

The illustration is a black and white line drawing. In the foreground, a large, dark mouse is shown from the side, facing left. It has a long tail and is standing on a surface. Behind the mouse, there is a building with a flat roof and a chimney. To the right of the mouse, there is a tree with bare branches. In the background, a church with a tall, pointed steeple is visible. The church has several windows and a door. The sky is filled with small dots, suggesting stars or snow. The overall style is that of a classic children's magazine illustration.

The Obendorf Mouse

THE chances are that one day we may feature a Christmas mouse in our decorations. As you will see, he deserves to be commemorated much more than a partridge in a pear tree.

Finding nothing better to eat, one wintry night in 1818, this famished little creature chewed away at the leather bellows of the organ in a church in the Austrian Tyrol. Now it was customary for the village schoolmaster, who was also the church organist, to give a recital on Christmas Eve; but after examining the damaged bellows the organist had to tell the pastor that the recital was off, for there was insufficient time to have the organ mended—or, more likely, there was not enough money to pay for the repairs.

The pastor had an idea. He knew that the organist was a prolific composer of music. Perhaps he would care to set some to the verses of a Christmas poem the pastor had recently written. The organist agreed. He would think up a melody which could be played on a guitar to accompany the village choir when they had learned the new carol. It was given its première on Christmas Eve in place of the organ recital.

Eventually an organ builder put the instrument to rights, but it seems that the church was still pressed for cash, for the repairer took the manuscript of the new carol in part payment. His name was Karl Mauracher, and he was quite famous in the Tyrol, being in touch with many musicians. They liked the carol and several made their own copies.

One of these was obtained by the Strassers, a family of glove-makers who visited fairs and markets all over Austria and Germany to sell their wares. The girls in the family used to sing to attract customers. That is how "Silent Night" began its globe-encircling journey, so that now it is the best known and best loved of all the Christmas carols.

Some people would say this was a string of coincidences, but somehow I feel that the Lord had a hand in the preservation of this beautiful hymn composed to His glory. Just think! We might not have had it if Pastor Joseph Mohr's church funds had not been so low, for he would have paid right up in cash!

The schoolmaster organist, Franz Xavier Gruber, was only thirty when he wrote the music of "Silent Night". He lived to be seventy-five and wrote literally hundreds of tunes; but somehow they never got far away from that village of Obendorf. Possibly even his one famous tune would never be known today if it had not been for that hungry mouse.—CHAS. EASEY.

IT was our first Christmas in the Salvation Army High School, at Batala, Punjab. The compound and bungalow had been decorated: the special tinsel, tree and plastic ornaments were in place, the Christmas stockings had been filled and Christmas carolling had been completed for another year. Ma and Pa had settled for a long, welcome nap as the children nestled snugly in their *charpoy*s (Indian beds of rope), while visions of rice and chicken curry and presents danced in their heads.

Suddenly, the sounds of a *dholik* (drum) and "Jai, Jai, Yesu, aye, aye" singing by Punjabi carollers filled our compound and in particular our bedroom. Just outside were several enthusiastic young people anxious to make our Christmas complete. They wanted to inform us all that Jesus had come. After thanking them and giving them a donation toward their united village Christmas dinner, we returned to our beds trusting that sleep would come.

Nestled in our *Punjabi rosi* (cotton puff), sleep did come, but so did another and still another group of carollers. This was only the beginning of their Christmas celebrations while we thought ours was almost completed. Theirs would continue for another week or ten days with Christians marching around the villages, singing and praising Jesus the Saviour of the world. Following the Christmas feast of *pilaw* and curry they would sit silently and reverently on clean straw in their new clothes — saris, turbans, *chamis*

and *shikar* of varied colours and styles to listen to the officers' messages of the coming of Jesus.

We shall never forget the arranging of our boarders' Christmas drama back in the heat of September. Its preparation entailed several months. Among many things we questioned was how we could translate this modern western story into an eastern setting. With the assistance of our helpful headmaster, who translated thoughts as well as words into Urdu, and then into Hindi, we

vailed. Everyone paid homage as we prayed for the universal Saviour to meet our universal needs.

The Christmas party for our boarders also meant months of foresight and planning. It meant saving up rationed sugar and rice, the purchase of a young goat to be fattened up for Christmas, the contact of Canadian friends who were eager to share their plenty with those who had so little. In order to show the real meaning of Christmas we gave a new pair of socks to the boy who

Santa comes to India

got on with the rehearsals. There was Captain with his English script, our assistant officer with his Urdu copy and Mrs. Captain with her Roman Urdu song book for leading the carols. Then, too, there was the narration being read by one of our boarder boys in Hindi.

The climax of the drama came when the youngest shepherd offered his dearest and best (a strayed lamb) to Jesus in the manger. The drama was western, the actors were eastern but Jesus was the central theme. When He becomes the central theme of our lives, we are gladly prepared to offer Him our best whatever our geographical location. Our reward for the effort came when during its presentation to our 700 Hindu and Sikh day scholars in the regular morning school assembly, quietness and reverence pre-

had earlier in the year stolen a pair because he was too poor to buy them. To the girl who had taken money from another girl we gave a lovely clutch purse with some money inside. Toilet requisites were given to others. The gifts were to teach a lesson of love and the central theme of Christmas — *Jesus!*

No tinsel, no snow, no Christmas carols in shopping plazas to introduce Christmas in India, but because in years gone by there were missionaries like us who had come to make Jesus known, 2.5% of India's teeming 500 millions now celebrate Christmas.

Soon their sleepy heads awoke to find the precious small treasures in their stockings. It seemed as if we just had gone to bed — but actually it was Christmas morning.

At the Christmas dinner it was amazing to see the caste system succumb to the "all one in Christ Jesus" teaching. Our Christian boarders, our Hindu and Sikh servants, our Christian cook, our converted Sikh assistant officer — Indian and Canadian Christians, all sitting on the floor, prayed with thanksgiving to the Christ of Christmas, thanking God for our meal of rice and curry as well as the wonderful gift of His Son.

Following the opening of gifts and stockings, our ten-year-old John, with eyes alight, exclaimed: "I like my new Bible from Canada best of all!" This remark caused our five-year-old Melody to exclaim: *Daddy, Santa did find us in India after all, didn't he?"*



Indian Salvationists take Christmas carols to the people.

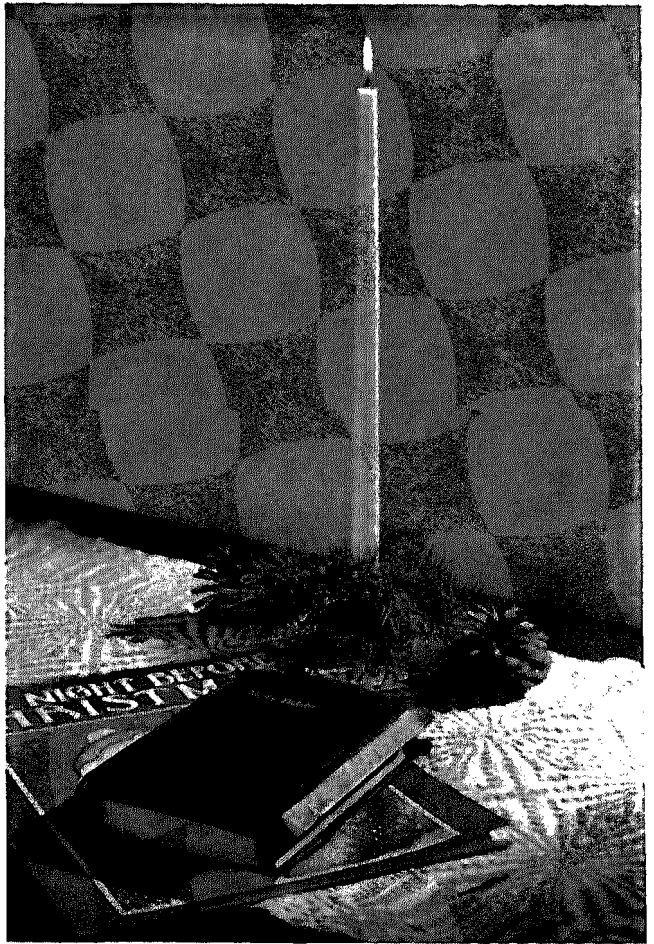
The Word was made Flesh and dwelt among us . . .

WITHOUT question, one of the most remarkable statements in Scripture is associated with the drama of Christmas: "The WORD was made flesh and dwelt among us" (John 1:15). In looking at this picture I would like to link verses 1 and 14 for they are really simply two parts of a single statement, the intervening verses forming a parenthesis. This picture evolved partially because of a problem being faced by the Early Church. Christianity was of course grounded in Judaism, but how were the early Christians to communicate the precious truth of the gospel to a Greek world? The obvious manner was to find a common level of understanding, and this level was found in the concept of the Word (or *Logos*). Thus, when John stated: "In the beginning was the Word, he was expressing a truth which had deep significance for both the Jew and the Greek.

To the Jew, the Word was much more than a sound which expressed an idea, for to them, the Word actually did things. Perhaps the best example we have is found in the Creation story. For example, Gen. 1:3 states: "And God *said* . . . and there was"; Gen. 1:6, 7 — "And God *said* . . . and it was"; Gen. 1:11 — "And God *said* . . . and it was so". Or we could add the words of Psalm 33:6 — "By the Word of the Lord were the heavens made". Thus, to the Jewish mind, the Word was something active. It was in essence the great creative force behind the whole of the universe.

The Greek world on the other hand thought of the Word in terms of intelligence or reason. Back of the order and design in the universe was

ately introducing this concept: "In the beginning was the Word." Here, of course, the word is linked with eternity and means there was never



gering steps to introduce a thought which was beyond the imagination of man: "The Word became flesh and dwelt among us."

Here he would part company with the Greek, for to the Greek the body was an evil prison in which the soul was shackled. But John makes it clear that the impersonal mind behind the universe became flesh and dwelt (tabernacled) among us. The word "tabernacled" suggests that though His stay was temporary, it was nevertheless real. Although John is here portraying the humanity of Jesus, he is careful to add that He was "full of grace and truth". ("In Him dwelleth all the fulness of the Godhead bodily", Col. 2:9.) Someone has summarized this dual nature thus: "The Son of God became the Son of Man, that the sons of men might become sons of God." This is borne out in verse 16 and 17 — "Of His fulness have all we received . . . grace for grace." Grace, of course, refers to something which is completely undeserved or unmerited. It is received rather than achieved.

It may come as a surprise to learn

(Continued on page eighteen)

CAPTAIN BRAMWELL TILLSLEY conducts the

Christmas Bible School

the *Logos*, or Word. For example, back in 560 B.C., Heraclitus, a Greek philosopher, said that everything in the world was in a state of flux or change. Because this is so, you cannot step into the same river twice for the original water has moved on. This being so, why is life not in a state of chaos or confusion? The explanation of the Greek would be that back of it all is the *Logos*, the impersonal mind of reason. To help explain the movement of the planets in their respective orbits, or the coming of the seasons, Plato referred to the *Logos* or Word.

Knowing the significance of the word to both Jew and Greek, John commenced his Gospel by immedi-

a time when the Word did not exist. The apostle then links the Word with personality by adding: "The Word was with God." John then goes a step further by stating: "The Word was God." This means that the Word was of the same quality, character and essence as God. In verse 3 John assures his Jewish readers that the word was linked with Creation. "All things were made by Him." (We might note that the New Testament clearly links Creation with Jesus — Col. 1:16; Heb. 1:2; Eph. 3:9.)

Thus far, both Jewish and Greek readers would have been in complete agreement with John, but in verse 14 the apostle took one of those stag-



A kindly note sent to some lonely person, or to a long-forgotten friend or relative, could be a most treasured Christmas gift, as is shown in this true story, written by Lieut.-Colonel WILLIAM POULTON

a letter from a stranger

THE days of December were slipping along and Basil was almost beside himself worrying about how Mary would manage the children and their presents on Christmas morning. Not only was she faced with the problem of carrying on alone with the management of the family budget, but she was also trying to keep the children unaware of the fact that Daddy was serving a sentence in a Canadian penitentiary.

A foolish action and evil companionships had combined to make a sorry chapter of misadventure for Basil. So far as the children were concerned, Daddy had to undergo a period of treatment and would be away from home for a long time.

As the days dragged by Basil became bitter, introverted and morose. He refused to talk to the chaplain, and his classification officer reported him "unapproachable".

Halfway through the month, an announcement was made that the Salvation Army Correctional Services Department would be sponsoring a Christmas programme that evening. Not knowing what prompted him to do so, for he had had little contact with the Army, Basil sought permission to attend.

He thoroughly enjoyed the meeting and the band music particularly thrilled him. On the way out of the room there was a cellophane bag of fruit and chocolate bars for every man. Basil was also offered an envelope containing a Christmas letter

written to him by an unknown friend.

Several thousands of such letters, handwritten and about three pages in length, are written by people in the United Kingdom and in Canada. Unsigned other than by the same title, they are intended particularly for those lonely men, cut off by their families, who sometimes go a whole year without receiving mail.

Back in his cell Basil read the letter he had accepted. The writer testified to the power of God which had changed his life and declared that this always helps to create a change in one's surroundings.

Basil gave the letter much thought, and eventually applied to see the Salvation Army officer on his next call at the penitentiary. The interview effected a change in Basil's attitude. He wanted to talk; and he opened his heart to the officer. Basil wrote Mary, asking her pardon and promising to make amends in the days ahead. He was allowed to send Christmas cards, provided by the Salvation Army officer, to Mary and the two children.

In discussing Basil's problems the officer and his wife were prompted that night to telephone their colleague in the town where Mary and the children were living, suggesting that toys should be sent to the children in the name of their daddy who would still be "undergoing treatment" at Christmas time.

Basil now took a new interest in life. His outgoing personality re-

turned. He applied himself to the daily tasks in the workshops. He attended chapel regularly. He took up a correspondence course in Bible knowledge with The Salvation Army's Education Department. The nights locked away in the cell were still hard to endure, but now he had a new interest in life. He was seeking to know God as a potent force within himself.

Such was his progress that after a few months he was considered eligible for parole and the Army's Correctional Services Officer was able to arrange agreement for The Salvation Army to act as his parole supervisor.

Long before the next Christmas, the little family were re-united. Basil was in good employment. The whole family were attending the church they had begun to neglect soon after their marriage. The children were happy that their father had ended his "treatment". Basil was anxious to pass on the blessings he had received, and how better to do this than to volunteer to become one of the Christmas letter-writers, and give his own very real personal testimony?



He became introverted and morose

We beat the bootleggers, but the odds were in our favour

Says KELVIN BOND

a journalist who joined in a
Christmas feast in Winnipeg



WE stood there, the three of us, huddled in the alcove of a squat, greystone warehouse, braced against the cut of the wind.

It was Christmas morning, 9:30 a.m.

One of us, I think the old man in the grey tweed that had the look of 109 winters woven into it, complained bitterly of the cold.

In a few minutes we made for shelter and walked two blocks to the east and one south to where Christmas was waiting.

In the bite of the cold, the old man bent his head, hacked twice and squatted to regain some of his breath. His friend, the grey and faceless companion he had travelled with from a small town in Saskatchewan, stooped to help him to his feet.

"In the end it'll kill me," said the old man, smiling now that the hack had left him. The faceless one smiled, and we began again the walk east.

A few minutes before 10 we merged with the stream of the crowd that mills outside the sandstone edifice that is The Harbour Light.

"A few minutes more," I told the old man. "Just a little while longer and we're in for the day."

The Salvation Army man opened the door and the crush of the small crowd swelled. The crowd, it seemed

on this day for celebrants, was unusually quiet.

"You feel a little grim when you're like this," said the faceless one. "It's like a handout but it's different once you're inside."

"You'll see," the faceless one spoke again. "Once you get inside, you know you're all the same. Nobody's better than you, so you've got nothing to be ashamed of."

It did change.

For me it was the first time.

I had not *had* to go to The Salvation Army for Christmas. There was always the fat turkey and the glut of happiness a family attaches to the usual round of handouts from beneath a Christmas tree.

My companions could not or did not want to remember their last Christmas in a "home".

The electronics of a Salvation Army Christmas brightened and more people headed inside the door.

Later, the three of us sat in on a service, and heard the "recovered" alcoholic with ten children recall Christmas past — "rolling drunk from the bottle, parted from my people".

Another man walked to Major Austin Millar, handed him a photograph of four children propped on the lap of a department store Santa.

He too had been "drunk out of the bottle" the Major said later. "He made it back during our rehabili-

tation course here. His family and kids wanted to see the place that had changed their daddy."

There were two services and while one crowd listened the other ate . . . 600 pounds of turkey between more than 1,124 of us.

Statistically — if you equate Christmas in statistics—the three of us helped others put away the turkey, another 250 pounds of cold cuts, 35 cases of soft drinks, 40 quarts of lemonade and 20 cases each of apples and oranges.

The Army also gave away Christmas presents—a pair of socks and a pair of gloves to each person who needed them.

Later, there was the usual round of entertainers, a man playing a trumpet, Laurel and Hardy movies, and for moments men remembered other Christmases.

A smorgasbord followed and later there was tea and cakes. The Army men and their helpers, and my two friends finished the day 11 hours from when it started. Later, as the Major put the wraps on Christmas, 1967, he claimed his victory.

"We beat the bootlegger. It was the only other place to go on a day like this. Everything else but us was closed."

We did beat him.

But on Christmas Day, where we were anyway, the odds were bent in our favour.

—REPRINTED BY COURTESY OF THE WINNIPEG FREE PRESS

Bible School

(Continued from page 15)

that the word "grace" is not employed by John apart from this passage for it is a Pauline term. It would appear that John substitutes such terms as "love", and it is interesting to note that the law was *given* by grace, *came* by Jesus Christ. (Christmas is thus the incarnation of love, for "God is Love".) According to verse 16 we can receive "grace for grace . . . grace upon grace". Different situations in life demand a different approach to grace. John reminds us that the grace of God is never static. It is dynamic and never fails to meet the demands of the moment.

A little girl was overheard to say, "Jesus is the best picture God ever had took." Her grammar may have been at fault, but her theology was quite acceptable. This is the message of verse 18. "No one has ever seen God; but God's only Son, He

who is nearest to the Father's heart. He has made Him known" (N.E.-B.). This surely is the message of Christmas. The Word did not give up deity, but took upon Himself humanity. He became flesh but nevertheless remained full of grace and truth.

A child was terrified in a storm when its mother said, "Don't be afraid, God is with you." The child cried, "But Mommy, I want someone with a face." This is the picture John was endeavouring to paint. The *Logos* or Word — the intelligence, the reason or the mind behind the universe — became flesh and in Christ became real, intimate and personal. It is for this reason Matthew could add: "Behold a virgin shall be with child, and shall bring forth a son, and they shall call his name Emmanuel, which being interpreted is, GOD WITH US."

IN THIS ISSUE

OUR front cover, specially taken for "The War Cry" by Malak of Ottawa, is of a group who took part in a Nativity procession in the federal capital last Christmas. The back cover, by courtesy of Eaton's, is of last year's Santa Claus Parade on a wet Saturday in Toronto.

The inside back cover shows typical league of mercy activities during the festive season. These are from Montreal. The National Film Board photostory inside the front cover might be a suburban scene in any Canadian city in late December, just as the children's letters on page three, alas, could come from behind the same facades. They are quoted from the newsletter of the Ottawa Men's Social Centre, and the illustrations are by Marjory Dickinson. The art work on pages nine and thirteen is by Lieut.-Colonel Herbert Wood (R), Editor-in-Chief from 1952 to 1964. The illustrated feature on our middle-page spread is by the wife of a member of our staff.

Our contributors include General Frederick Coutts, International Leader of The Salvation Army; Commissioner C. D. Wiseman, Territorial Commander for the Army's work in Canada and Bermuda; Lieut.-Colonel William Poulton, in charge of its Correctional Services Department; Major Bernard Mobbs, Editor of "The Soldier's Armoury" at International Headquarters.

Captain Bramwell Tillsley is in command of North Toronto Corps; Mrs. Captain Gerald Leonard, a Canadian missionary serving in India, Songster Mrs. Sheena Paterson of Danforth (Toronto) and Mrs. E. A. Macdonald, a member of St. George's United Church, Toronto, who is Press Secretary for the Harbour Light Corps in that city. In addition we are indebted to newspaper editors in Winnipeg and Victoria, B.C.

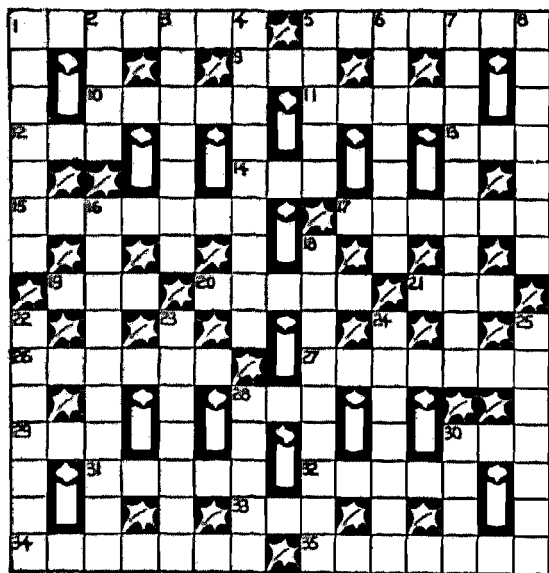
With art work ranging from top professionals to lowly amateurs, and contributions from inside and outside the Army across Canada and over the seas, we hope our readers will have found something within these pages for every taste.



Christmas Crossword

BY JOHN SHIRLEY

Across: 1. Christmas presents for girls that make a hit with a boy? 5. One requires a certain amount of push. 9. French barn. 10. Animal gets ten as quota. 11. A profit made for the second time. 12. Eat, perhaps, something to drink. 13. Animal baker uses by the sound of it! 14. It's not good to bring back a fish. 15. Make up, like vehicle in a degree. 17. Children sometimes have a dip in one. 19. It helps to express yourself in writing. 20. Flowers for a girl? 21. This insect hides buttons. 26. Facial point of warm family reunions? 27. Compete for bird no longer alive. 28. Brood found in Christmas items. 29. Zero. 30. A pest when dry? Nonsense. 31. Plenty of ham, please! 32. Down under in Wales? 33. Record going up in smoke? 34. Christmas pudding, perhaps? 35. A sweet course to follow.



Down: 1. An occasion for retirement? 2. Neither a name for a girl. 3. Side by side? Not now, boy! 4. Seasonal dances children throw? 5. Carry a letter for Santa Claus, perhaps? 6. He brings a certain amount of warmth into the home. 7. Fairy story that makes you turn red in a cell. 8. With great anticipation. 16. Man of the moment? (5, 5). 18. On the cards again this year! 22. Expressed one's gratitude? 23. A dotty way to paint? 24. What this lady put in the pudding? 25. Scatter. 28. Fish that didn't seem right? 30. Sounds like a stream in Wales.

Solution on page 12





"Santa will come in a long while to everybody. It will be about three weeks—that's after I've been to sleep twice" (Trevor Tweedie, aged six).

"I don't know what Santa will give me, but he'll give things to everyone" (Tina Melchior, aged six).
 "... But some children live a long way away in India, and, anyway, it's too far to go.

"Jesus is the Man in heaven who fixes you up when you die. But I don't know what He has to do with Christmas. Santa needs lots of help—maybe, Jesus helps him bring the presents around as well" (Steven Sebestyen).

Six-year-old Kenny Wood, who knows Santa

doesn't really bring the presents "because last year I snuck downstairs and watched my Mum and Dad fix things up", says he doesn't expect to see Jesus at Christmas. "I know all about Him. He's our Father in heaven. He's more important than Santa."

"Sometimes bad people don't get presents at Christmas, but I don't know anybody that bad" (Lorraine Stafford).

Doubtfully, six-year-old Elizabeth Smith said that if she had two dolls, and if some little girl were very, very poor, she might give one of them to the child. "But Santa will give everyone a doll," she beamed.

Comments collected by Nancy Brown from children in Victoria West Elementary School, and published in "The Daily Colonist", Victoria, B.C.